

The Tragedy of Hamlet

With juice of curst Hebena in a Viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth possesse
And curd, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter barked about
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
Unnuzled, disappointed, un-anueld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible, O horrible, most horrible,
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of *Denmarke* be
A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsomever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold my heart,
And you my sinewes, grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly up; remember thee!
I thou poore Ghost, whiles memory holds a seat
In this distracted Globe: remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memorie
Ile wipe away all triviall fond records,

All

Prince of Denmarke.

All saw of bookes, all formes, all pressuress past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall live
Within the booke and volume of my braine,
Unmixt with baser matter; yes by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine!
My tables, meet it is I set downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine;
At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So uncle there you are: now to my word,
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I have sworne't.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heavens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho boy, come, and come.

Mar. How is't my noble Lord?

Ham. O wonderfull!

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heaven.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it?
But you'll be secret.

Both. I by heaven.

Ham. There's never a villaine
Dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant Knave.

Hora. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For every man hath businesse and desire,

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